Enter King Henry.

King. How now *Buckingham*, is *Yorke* friends with vs,
That thus thou bringſt him hand in hand with thee?

Buck. He is my Lord, and hath diſcharg'd his troopes,
Which came with him, but as your Grace did ſay,
To heaue the Duke of Somerſet from hence,
And to ſubdue the Rebels that were vp.

King. Then welcome couſin *Yorke*, giue me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great ſeruice done to vs,
Againſt thoſe traiterous Iriſh that rebeld.

Enter Maſter Eyden with Iacke Cades head.

Eyden. Long liue King *Henry* in triumphant peace,
Loe heere my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I heere preſent the traiterous head of *Cade*,
That hand to hand in ſingle fight I ſlue.

King. Firſt thanks to heauen, and next to thee my friend,
That haſt ſubdude that wicked traitor thus.
Oh let me ſee that head that in his life
Did worke me and my land ſuch cruell ſpight,
A viſage ſterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,
Preſageth warlike humors in his life.
Heere take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created Knight.
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me what's thy name?

Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it pleaſe your Grace,
A poore Eſquire of Kent.

King. Then riſe vp *Alexander Eyden*, Knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thouſand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beſide the firme reward that was proclaim'd,
For thoſe that could performe this worthy acte,
And thou ſhalt waite vpon the perſon of the King.

Eyden. I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iuſt and loyall to my King.

Exit.

Enter

Enter the Queene wit

King. O Buckingham, ſee v
Bid him go hide himſelfe till
Queen. He ſhall not hide hi
But beard and braue him prou
Yorke. Who's that, proud S
Baſe fearefull *Henry* that thus
By heauen, thou ſhalt not gou
I cannot brooke that Traitors
Nor will I ſubiect be to ſuch
That knowes not how to gou
Reſigne thy Crowne proud I
That thou vſurped haſt ſo lor
For now is *Yorke* reſolu'd to c
And riſe aloft into faire Engl
Somer. Proud traitor, I are
Againſt thy ſoueraigne Lord,
For heere I ſweare thou ſhalt
For theſe proud words whic
King. Thou art deceiu'd, n
And ſend thee there in deſpig
Hoe, where are you boyes?
Queene. Call *Clifford* hithe

Enter the Duke of Yorkes ſonn
crooke-backe Richard at the
at the other doore, enter Cli
Soldiours, and Clifford kneel
Cliff. Long liue my noble
Yorke. We thanke thee Cli
Nay, do not affright vs with
If thou didſt miſtake, we par
Cliff. Why, I did no way
What is he mad? To bedlan
King. I, a bedlam frantick
To leuie armes againſt his la
Clif. Why doth not your

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